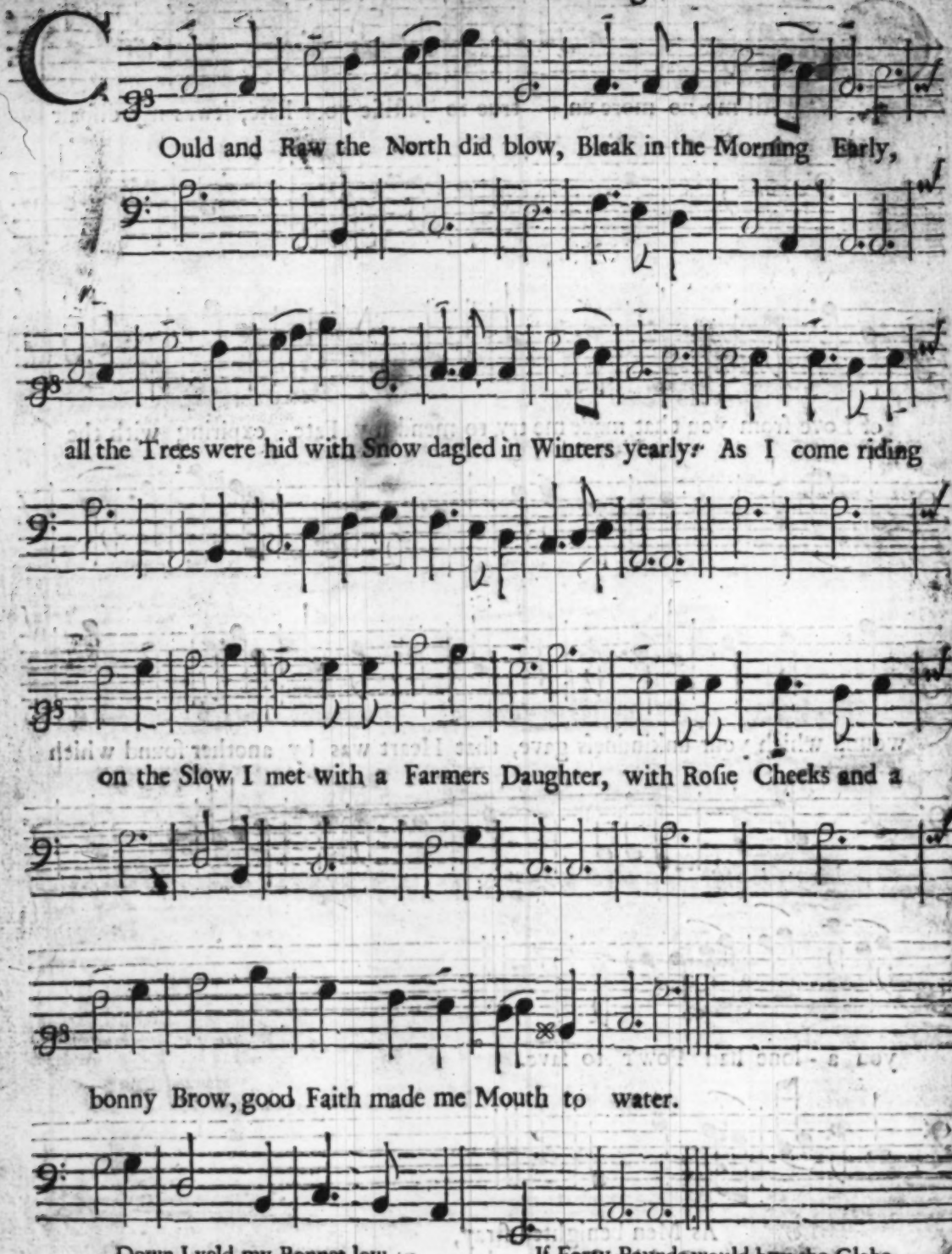
The last New Scotch Song.



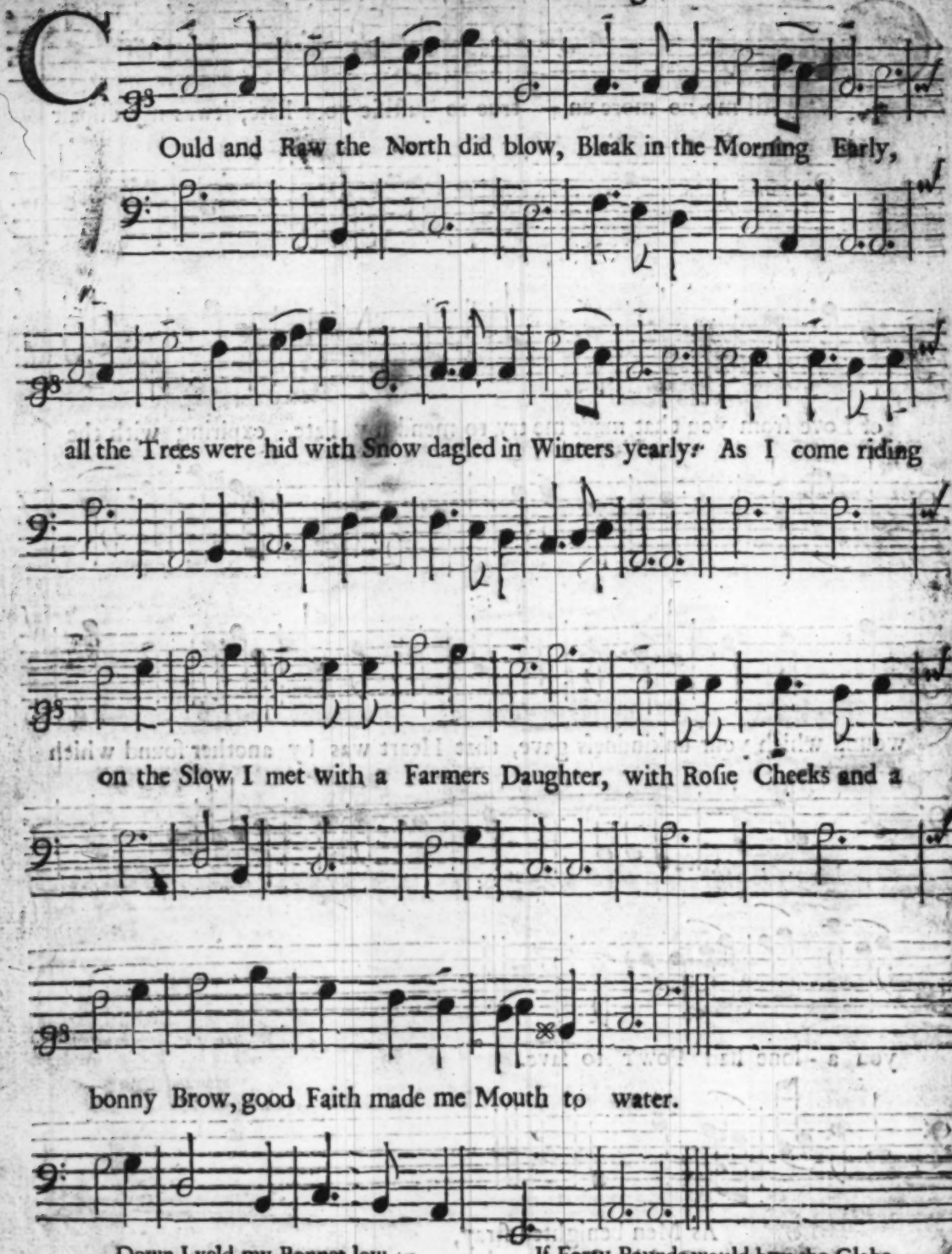
Down I veld my Bonnet low,
Thinking to ſhow my Breeding,
She return'd a graceful bow,
A Village far exceeding,
I ask'd her where ſhe went ſo ſoon,
I long'd to begin a parley;
She told me to the next Market Town
On purpoſe to ſell her Barley

In this Purſe ſweet Soul ſaid I
Twenty pounds lye fairly,
Seek no further one to buy,
For Ple take all thy Barley,
Twenty more ſhall purchaſe delight,
Thy Perſon I love ſo dearly,
If thou wot lig with me this Night
And go home in the Morning early.

If Forty Pounds would buy the Globe,
This thing I wou'd not do Sir,
Or were my Friends as poor as *Job*
I would not raiſe them ſo Sir,
For if this Night you prove my Friend,
We'sget a young Kid together,
And you'l be gon at the Nine Months end,
And where ſhall I find a Father.

I told her I had Wedded been
Fourteen Years or longer,
Elſe I would take her for my Queen
And tye the knot much Stronger,
She bid me then no further come
But manage my Wedlock fairly,
And keep Purſe for poor Spouſe at home,
For ſome other ſhould have her Barley.

The last New Scotch Song.



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A CHOICE

COLLECTION

OF

New Songs and Ballads.

THE

Words made to ſeveral Pleaſant Tunes,

By Mr. *D'urfey.*

With the TUNES Tranſpos'd for the *FLUTE.*

LONDON:

Printed by *William Pearſon*, next door to the *Hare* and *Feathers*, in *Alders-gate-ſtreet*, for *Henry Playford*, and Sold by him at his Shop in the *Temple-Change Fleet-ſtreet*; and at all other Muſick Shops in Town. 1699.

Price Six-pence.

TO THE

Steward in Being,

And the reſt of the

WORTHY SOCIETY

Meeting on Wedneſdays,

At the St. *Alban's* Tavern in St. *Alban's-ſtreet*; This firſt Collection of New SONGS, made to ſeveral Pleaſant Tunes, is Dedicated by,

Gentlemen,

Your moſt Oblig'd and Humble Servant,

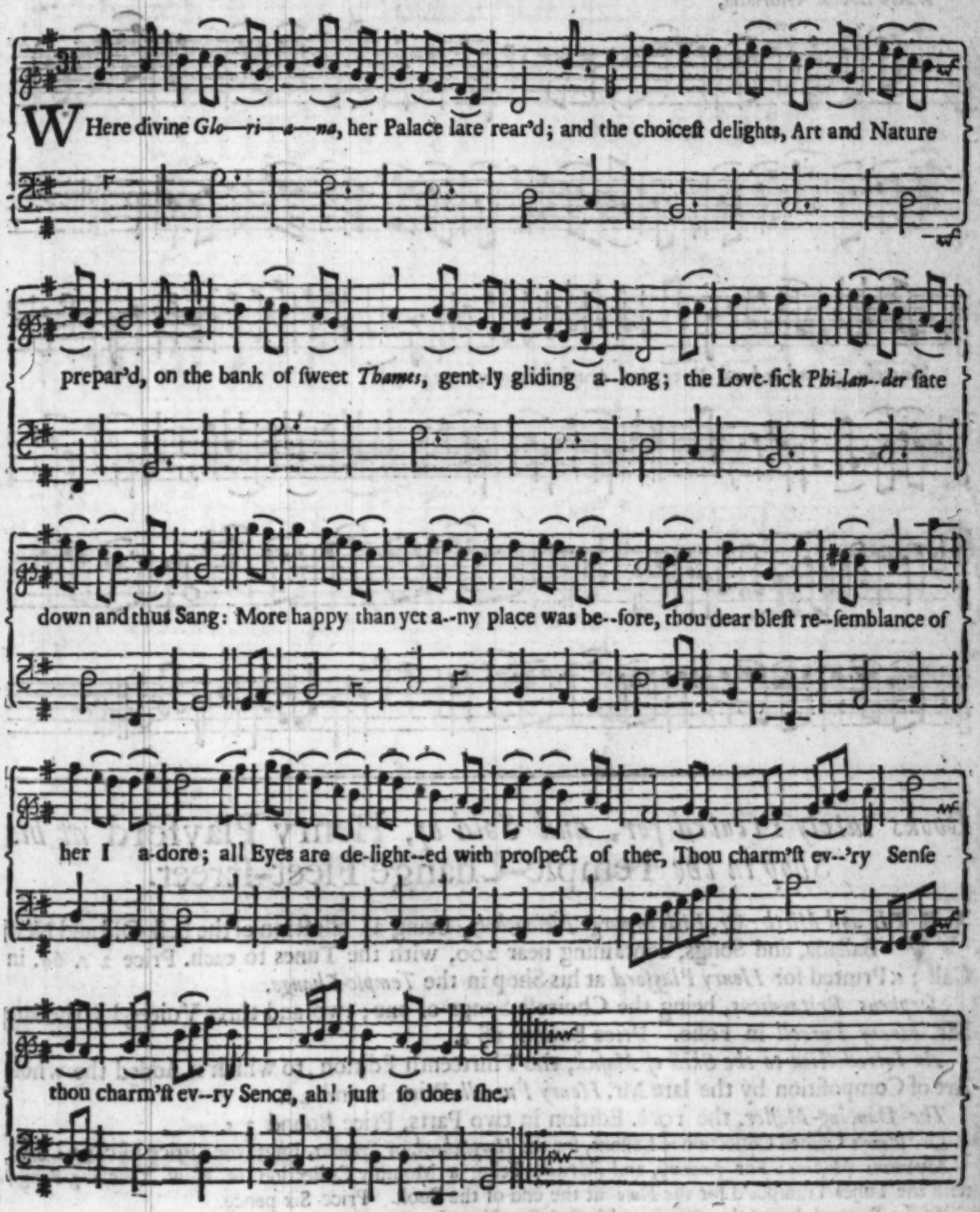
T. D'urfey.

misplaced. see next leaf

(597)

HAMPTON COURT.

A New SONG. The Words made by Mr. *D'urfey*, to a pretty New Tune made by a Perſon of Quality.

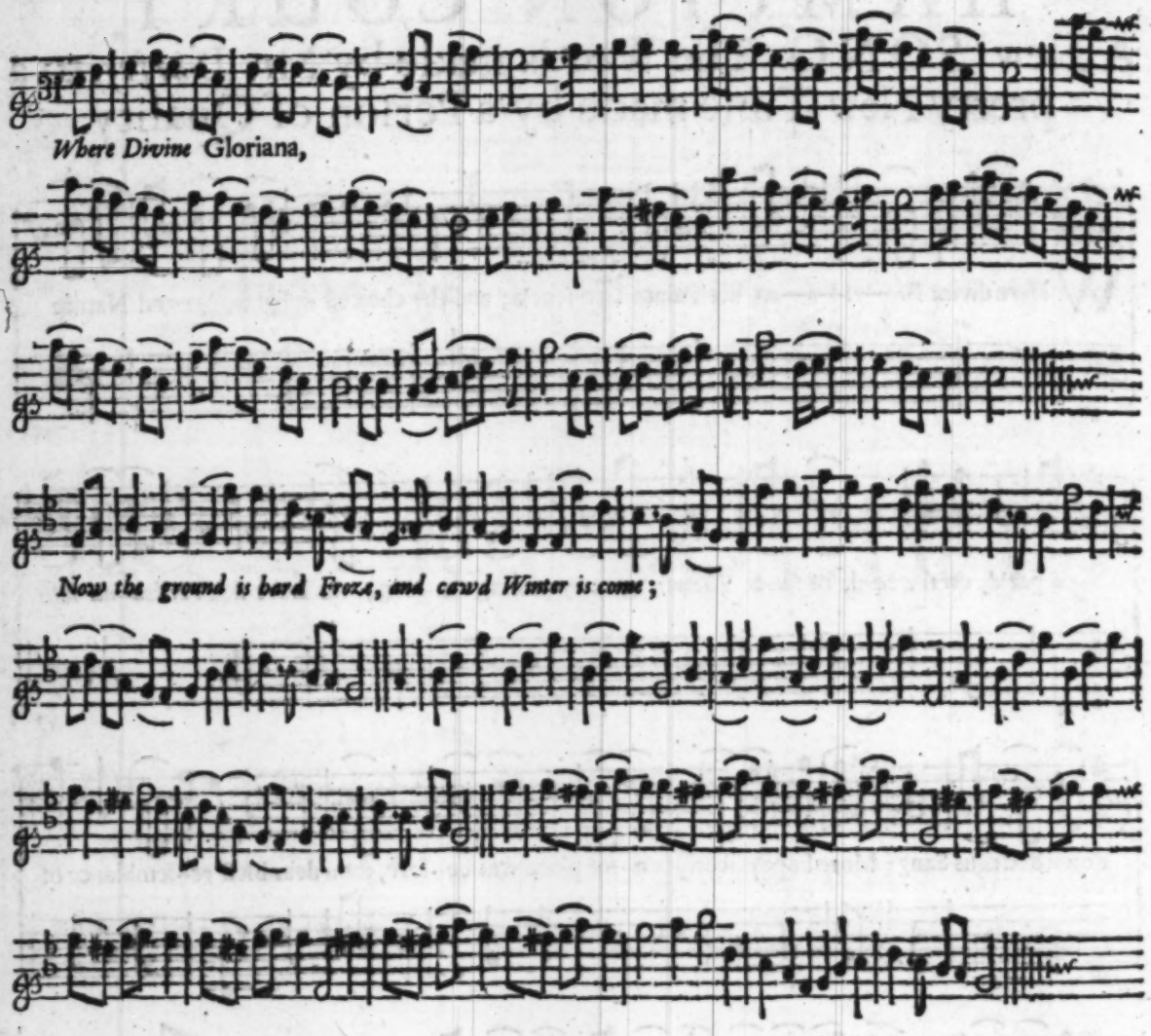


II.

As the River's claer Waves Zephyr ſoftly does rowl,
So her breath moves the Paſſions, that flow in my Soul;
As the Trees by the Sun, feel a nouriſhing joy;
So my Heart is refreſh'd, by a glance from her Eye:
The Birds pretty Notes, we ſtill hear when ſhe ſpeaks;
And the ſweeteſt of Gardens, ſtill blooms in her Cheeks;
Had I that dear bliſs, for no other I'd ſue;
Who enjoys this ſweet *Eve*, who enjoys this ſweet *Eve*, has all Paradiſe too.

(598)

The SONG *Tunes for the* FLUTE.



Books lately Printed *for, and Sold by,* Henry Playford *at his Shop in the* Temple-Change Fleet-ſtreet.

Wit and Mirth: Or, Pills to purge Melancholy, Being a Collection of the beſt Old and New Ballads, and Songs, containing near 200, with the Tunes to each. Price 2 *s.* 6*d.* in Calf 3 *s.* Printed for *Henry Playford* at his Shop in the *Temple-Change.*

Orpheus Britannicus, being the Choiceſt Songs of one; two and three Voices, by the late Mr. *Henry Purcell* in Folio. Price Bound 18 *s.*

An Introduction to the Skill of Muſick, the Thirteenth Edition, to which is Added the whole Art of Compoſition by the late Mr. *Henry Purcell.* Price bound 2 *s.*

The Dancing-Maſter, the 10*th.* Edition in two Parts, Price Bound 3 *s.*

Dr. *Blew's* Choice Collection of Leſſons, for the *Harpſichord,* or *Spinnet,* Engraven. Price ſtitch'd 1 *s.* 6 *d.*

Mercurius Muſicus: For *January,* and *February* being a Monthly Collection of New Teaching Songs, with the Tunes Tranſpos'd for the *Flute* at the end of the Book. Price Six-pence.

Apollos Banquet, being the eaſieſt and beſt Inſtructions for young beginners yet publiſh'd, containing above a Hundred of the choiceſt Tunes, for the *Violin*; The 7*th.* Edition. Price 1 *s.* 6*d.*

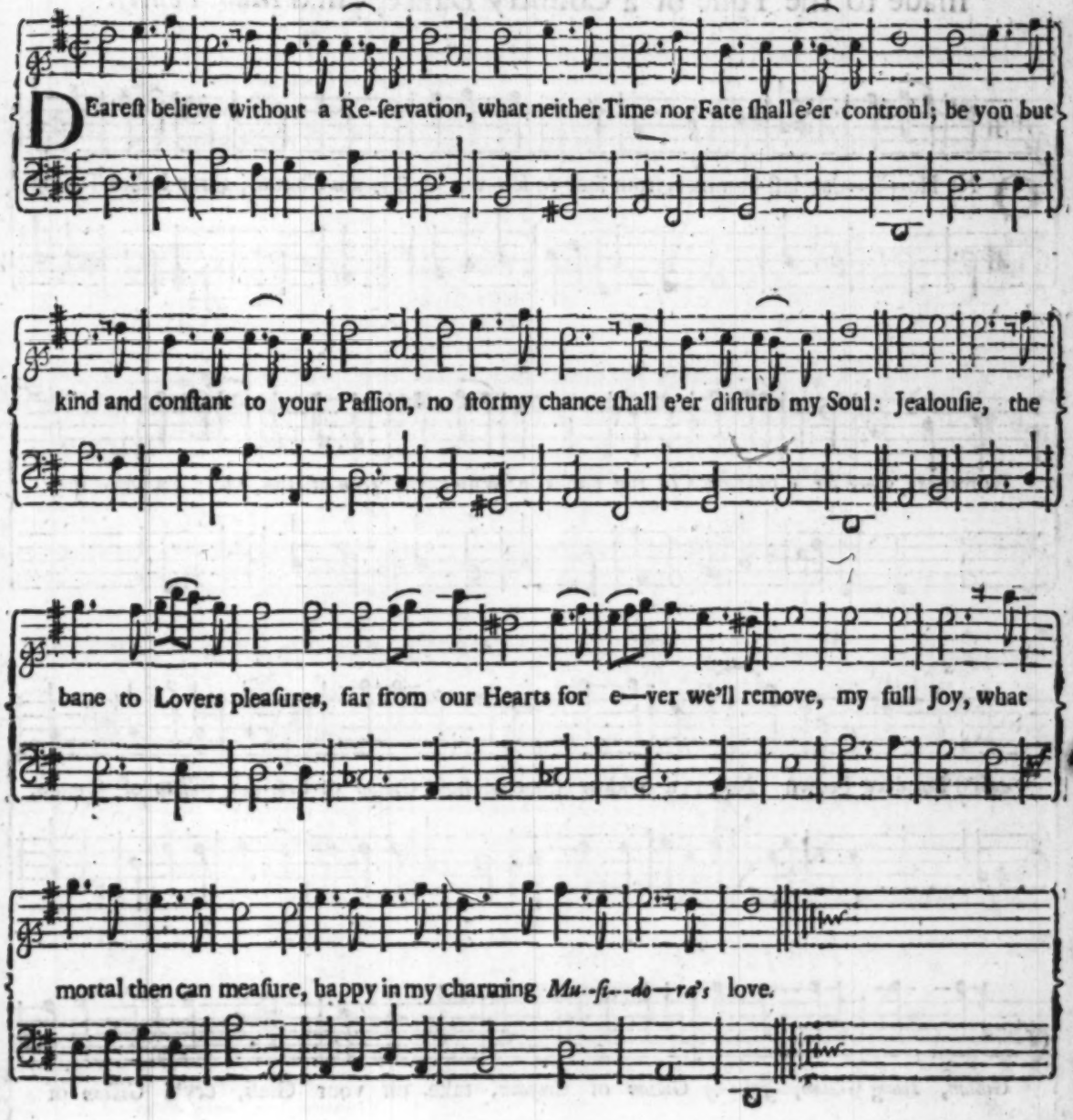
The Diviſion Violin in 2 Books, being all the beſt Grounds and Diviſions, the 4*th.* Edition; Price of both 4 *s.* 6*d.*

A Sheet of Cotches ſett by the late Mr. *Henry Purcell.* Price 3 *d.*

A Sheet Engraven on Copper, being Directions for the Baſs *Viol.* Price 6 *d.*

FINIS

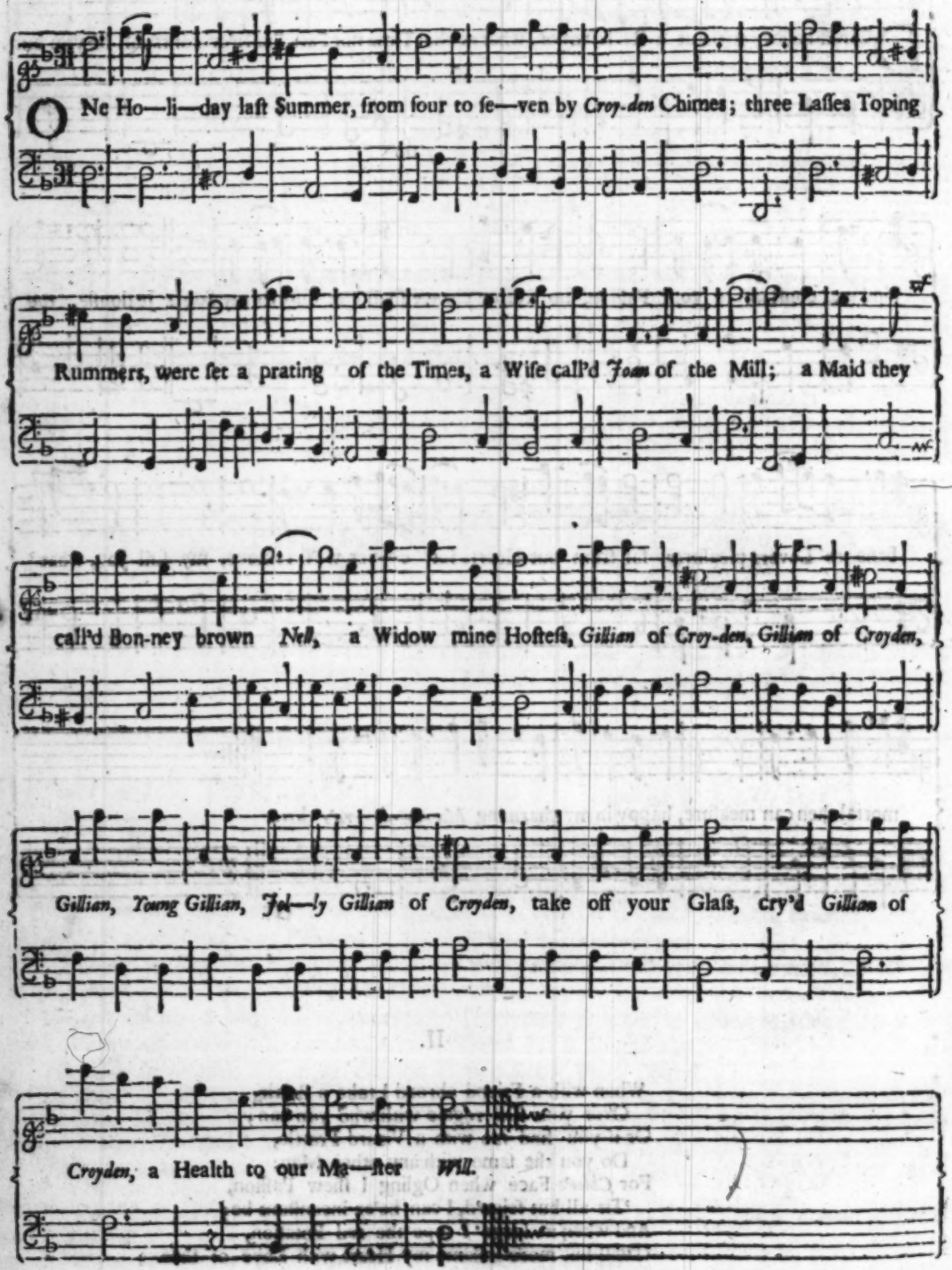
The Franck Lover, a New SONG.



II.

When with a Friend abroad I take a Bottle,
Over your *Tea* regale with who you can;
Or if you find me with a Vizard Prattle,
Do you the ſame with any other Man:
For *Chloe's* Face when Ogling I ſhew Paſſion,
'Tis all but feign'd, I can ne'er inconſtant be;
And when at large I tope the red Potation,
'Twill but more inflame my Heart with Love of thee.

Gillian of *Croyden*, a New BALLAD: The Words made to the Tune of a Country Dance, call'd *Mall Peatly.*



Ah! *Joan* cry'd the Maiden,
This Peace will bring in Mill'd Money ſtore,
We now ſha'n't miſs of Trading;
And Sweet-hearts will come on thick, ye whore.
No more will they Fight and Kill,
But with us good Liquour, will ſwill:
Theſe will be Rare Tymes cry'd *Gillian* of *Croyden*, *Gillian* of *Croyden*,
Gillian, young *Gillian*, *Plump Gillian* of *Croyden*,
Take off your Glaſs cry'd *Gillian* of *Croyden*,
A Bumper to Maſter *Will*.

III.

We've now right underſtanding,
Hans *Dick*, and *Monſieur* ſhake Hands i'th' ſtreets;
Dragoons too are Disbanding,
Gadzookes then *Nelly* let's watch our Sheets,
For a Redcoat you know that has will,
Can Plunder and Pilfer with Skill,
I'll look to my Smocks cry'd *Gillian* of *Croyden*,
Gillian of *Croyden*, *Gillian*, bold *Gillian*, *Wary Gillian* of *Croyden*,
Take off your Glaſs cry'd *Gillian* of *Croyden*,
A Health to our Maſter *Will*.

IV.

Nel, then with Arms a Kembo,
Cry'd News from Sea not ſo well does come;
For want of Captain *Bembo*,
The Chink and *Poynts* are ſafe got home:
Tho' he could not help that ill,
The fault lies in ſome body ſtill,
Would that Rogue were hang'd cry'd *Gillian* of *Croyden*,
Gillian of *Croyden*, *Gillian*, plump *Gillian*, *Loyal Gillian*, of, *&c.*

V.

Strange Lords will now come over,
And all our Bells will Ring out for Joy;
The *Czar* of *Muſcovor*,
Who is, Lord bleſs him, ſome ten foot high:
I'll ſee him what e'er comes o'th Mill,
Would our Lads were like him cry'd *Nell*,
Great pity they ant cry'd *Gillian* of *Croyden*, *Gillian* of *croyden*,
Gillian, young *Gillian*, *Tall Gillian* of *Croyden*,
Nevertheleſs cry'd *Gillian* of *Croyden*,
A Bumper to Maſter *Will*.

VI.

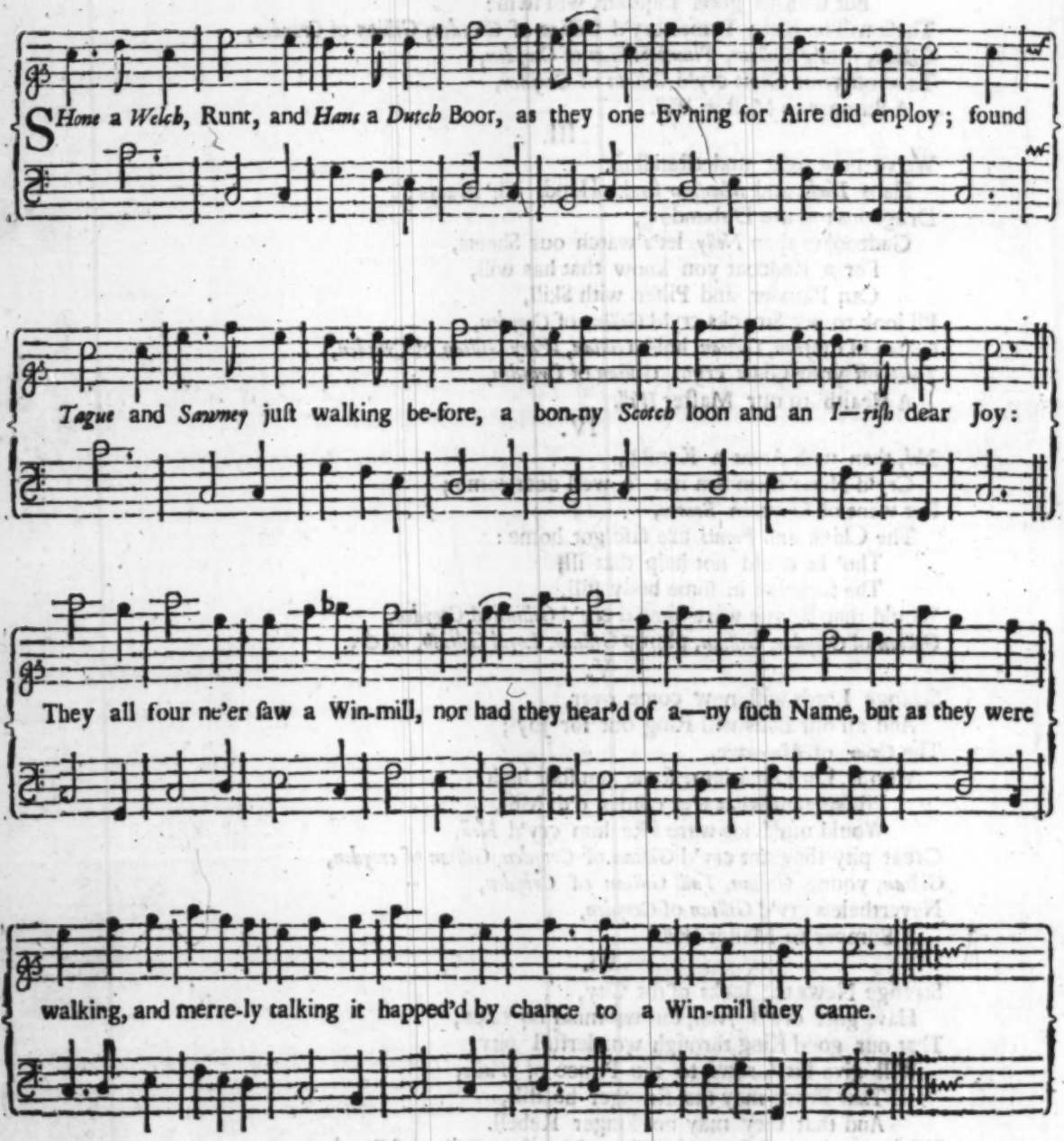
Strange News the Jacks of the City,
Have gott cry'd *Joan*, but we mind no tales;
That our good King through wonderfull pity,
Will give his Crown to the Prince of *Wales*,
That Peace may the ſtronger be ſtill,
And that they may no longer Rebell.
Piſh! pox tis a Jeſt cry'd *Gillian* of *Croyden*, *Gillian* of *Croyden*,
Gillian, bold *Gillian*, *Witty Gillian*, *Gillian* of *Croyden*,
Take off your Glaſs cry'd *Gillian* of *Croyden*,
A Health to our Maſter *Will*.

VII.

So long top'd theſe Laſſes,
Till Tables, Chairs, and Stools went round;
Strong Wine and thumping Glaſſes,
In three ſhort hours their Senſes drown'd:
Then home to her Grannum reel'd *Nell*,
And *Joan* no more Brimmers could fill,
And off from her Chair drop'd *Gillian* of *Croyden*, *Gillian* of *Croyden*,
Gillian, plump *Gillian*, *Drunk Gillian* of *Croyden*,
Here's the laſt Drop cry'd *Gillian* of *Croyden*,
A Bumper to Maſter *Will*.

The National Quarrel; a New BALLAD:

The Words made to the Tune of *Lilly burlero.*



The Chorus goes to the laſt Part of the Tune.

CHO- *Hey down derry boa downn derry,*
Mirth is better than Sorrow by halfe;
Liſten to my Ditty, 'tis merry, 'tis Witty,
And if you an't Sullen 'twill make ye laugh.

Bread

Bread cry'd *Sawney* what do ye caw that, *Pointing to the Wimmill.*
To tell its good Name I am at a loſs.
Tegue then readily anſwer'd the *Scot*,
By Chreeſht, my dear Joy, 'tis St. *Patrick*'s Croſs.
Woons cry'd *Sawney* y'are miſtaken,
For 'tis St. *Andrew*'s Croſs that I ſwear;
For there is his Bonnet, and Plad lying on it,
The Muckle gud Saint did at *Edinborough* wear.
Cho. Sawney, Sawney, *weel ſayd* Sawney,
This Affair Sawney's *notably hit,*
Let aw diſcover that paſs the Tweed *over,*
If Scotland *e'er bred ſo bonny a Wit.*

III.

Hans with a Belch gave vent in his turn,
* Jck ſall now ſpraeken den vaght it dos mean; * *Mimicks Dutch.*
et ben ods Sacrament a grought *Dutch* Churne,
And they are now making the Butter within:
This device ſo tickled his fancy,
He ſwore by the States he'd go in for ſome;
And ſell his blew Jerkin, but he'd have a firkin,
To carry his Wife and his family home.
Cho. Hogan, Hogan, Mogan, Mogan,
Sooterkin Hogan Herring Vandunck,
For as it happen'd the Miller with's Cap on
He thought a fat Froe, a white Dairy Punk.

IV.

Hot pated *Shone* cry'd ſplut and look'd pig,
You fools was alter your minds when hur ſpeaks;
St. *Taffy* cawd this her crete Whirligig,
And made it to ſcare away Crows from her Lecks:
Proof to ſhew, ſee where they crow,
Then pointed his finger over the hedge,
Where Nettles and Thiſtles, with Prickles and Briſtles,
Grew thick in a field grown over with ſedge,
Cho. *Shone ap Shinkin Rice ap Tavy,*
Shentlemen Kindred aw come away,
Tomas *ap* Morgan *ſwear loud as an* Organ,
And pawn all your Honours to what hur does ſay.

V.

By good St. *Patrick Tegue* once more replies,
I ſay 'tis his Croſs for there is his Coat;
I met him in *Dublin* a buying the Frize,
And gud I will ſwear, 'tis the ſame that he bought:
He's a better Shaint than ever *Holland*, or, *Walſh*, or *Scotland*, can breed,
And by my Showlwaſion he was my Relation,
And had for ſtout *Tegue* great kindneſs indeed.
Cho. *Lero, lero, lero, lero,*
Lilly Burlero Bullen a-la,
By my Showlwaſion he was my Relation,
Chreeſht ſave thy ſweet Face St. Patrick Agra.

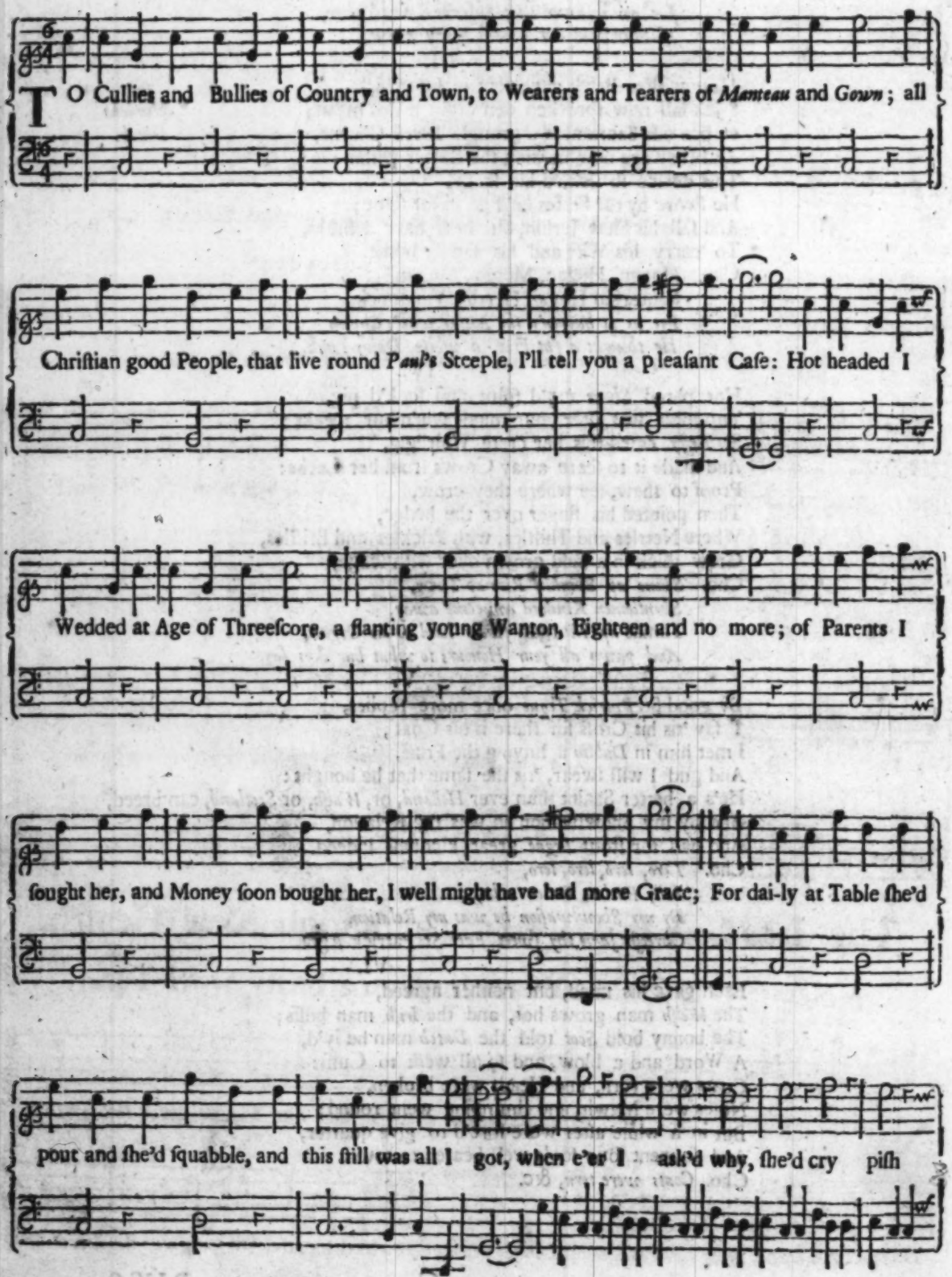
VI.

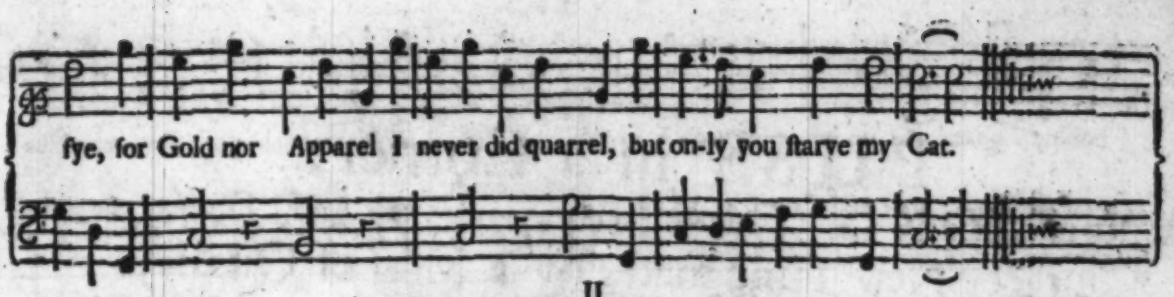
Each gave his mind, but neither agreed,
The *Welſh* man grows hot, and the *Iriſh* man huffs;
The bonny bold *Scot* told the *Dutch* man he ly'd,
A Word and a blow, and ſo all went to Cuffs:
Coats were torn, and Heads were broken,
Noſes were Mawlt, and thumping went round;
But in a while after were forc'd to give quarter,
And ſo went four fools well beaten to town.
Cho. *Coats were torn,* &c.

(604)

PUSS in a Corner:

A New SONG. The Words made by Mr. *Durfey*, to a pretty New Tune made by a Man of Quality.





II.

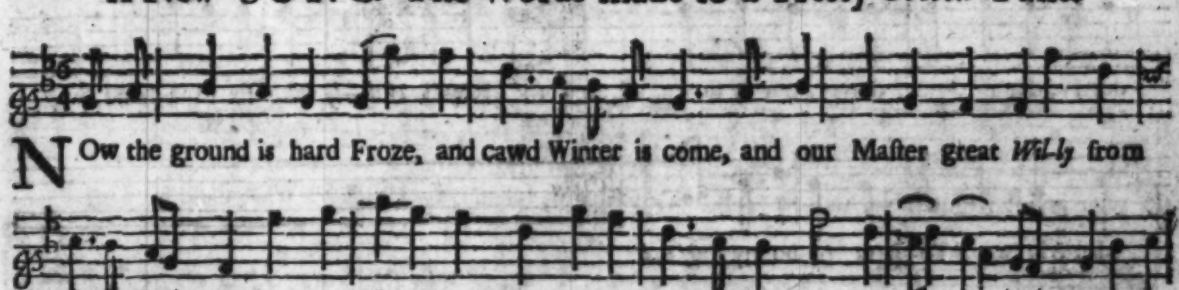
A Pretty young Kitty,
She had that could Purr;
'Twas gameſome and handſome,
And had a rare Furr;
And ſtraight up I took it, and offer'd to ſtroke it,
In hopes I ſhould make it kind;
But lowting and powting,
It ſtill was to me,
Tho' Nature, the Creature,
Deſign'd ſhould be free.
I play'd with its Whiskers and would have had diſcourſe,
But ah! it was dumb and blind:
When *Cloris* unquiet, who knew well its diet,
And found that I wanted that,
Cry'd pray, Run, fetch *John*,
He's the Man that can,
When it does need it, beſt know how to feed it,
Or gad you will ſtarve my Cat.

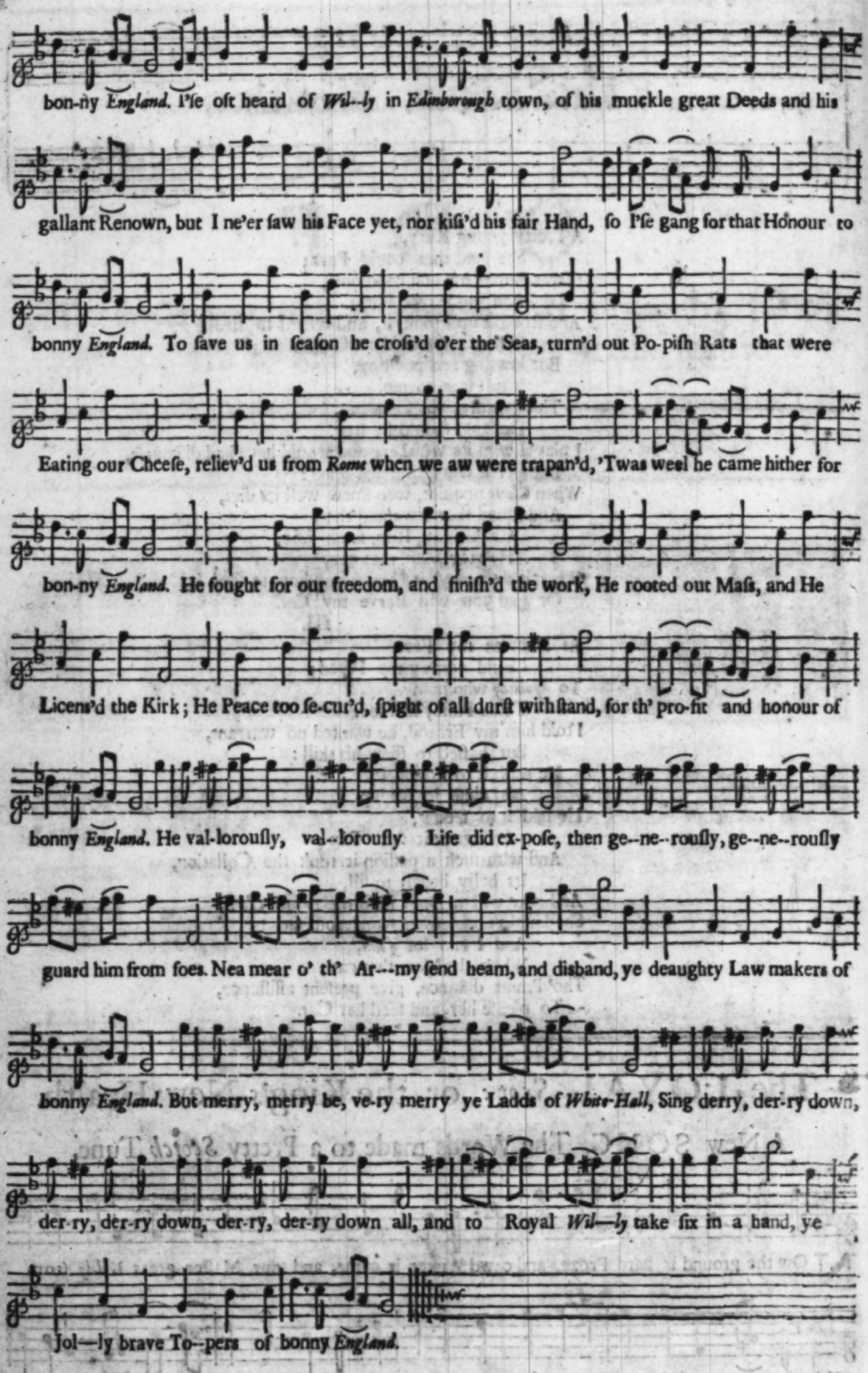
III.

As Fleet as my Feet
Could convey me I ſped;
To *Johnny* who many
Times Puſſey had fed.
I told him my Errand, he wanted no warrant,
But haſted to ſhew his skill:
He took it to ſtroak it,
And cloſe in his lap
He laid it to feed it,
And gave it ſome Pap;
And with ſuch a paſſion it took the Collation,
Its belly began to fill,
And now within Door is, ſo merry my *Cloris*,
She laughs and grows wonderous fat,
And I run for *John*,
Who's the Man that can,
Tho' I'm at diſtance, give preſent aſſiſtance,
To pleaſe her, and feed her Cat.

The LOYAL *Scot*: or, the King's New Health.

A New SONG. The Words made to a Pretty *Scotch* Tune.




bon-ny England. I'se oft heard of Wil--ly in Edinborough town, of his muckle great Deeds and his
gallant Renown, but I ne'er saw his Face yet, nor kiss'd his fair Hand, so I'se gang for that Honour to
bonny England. To save us in season he cross'd o'er the Seas, turn'd out Po-pish Rats that were
Eating our Cheese, reliev'd us from Rome when we aw were trapan'd, 'Twas weel he came hither for
bon-ny England. He fought for our freedom, and finish'd the work, He rooted out Mass, and He
Licens'd the Kirk; He Peace too se-cur'd, spight of all durst withstand, for th' pro-fit and honour of
bonny England. He val-lorously, val--lorously Life did ex-pose, then ge--ne--rously, ge--ne--rously
guard him from foes. Nea mear o' th' Ar---my send heam, and disband, ye deaughty Law makers of
bonny England. But merry, merry be, ve-ry merry ye Ladds of White-Hall, Sing derry, der-ry down,
der-ry, der-ry down, der-ry, der-ry down all, and to Royal Wil—ly take six in a hand, ye
Jol—ly brave To--pers of bonny England.